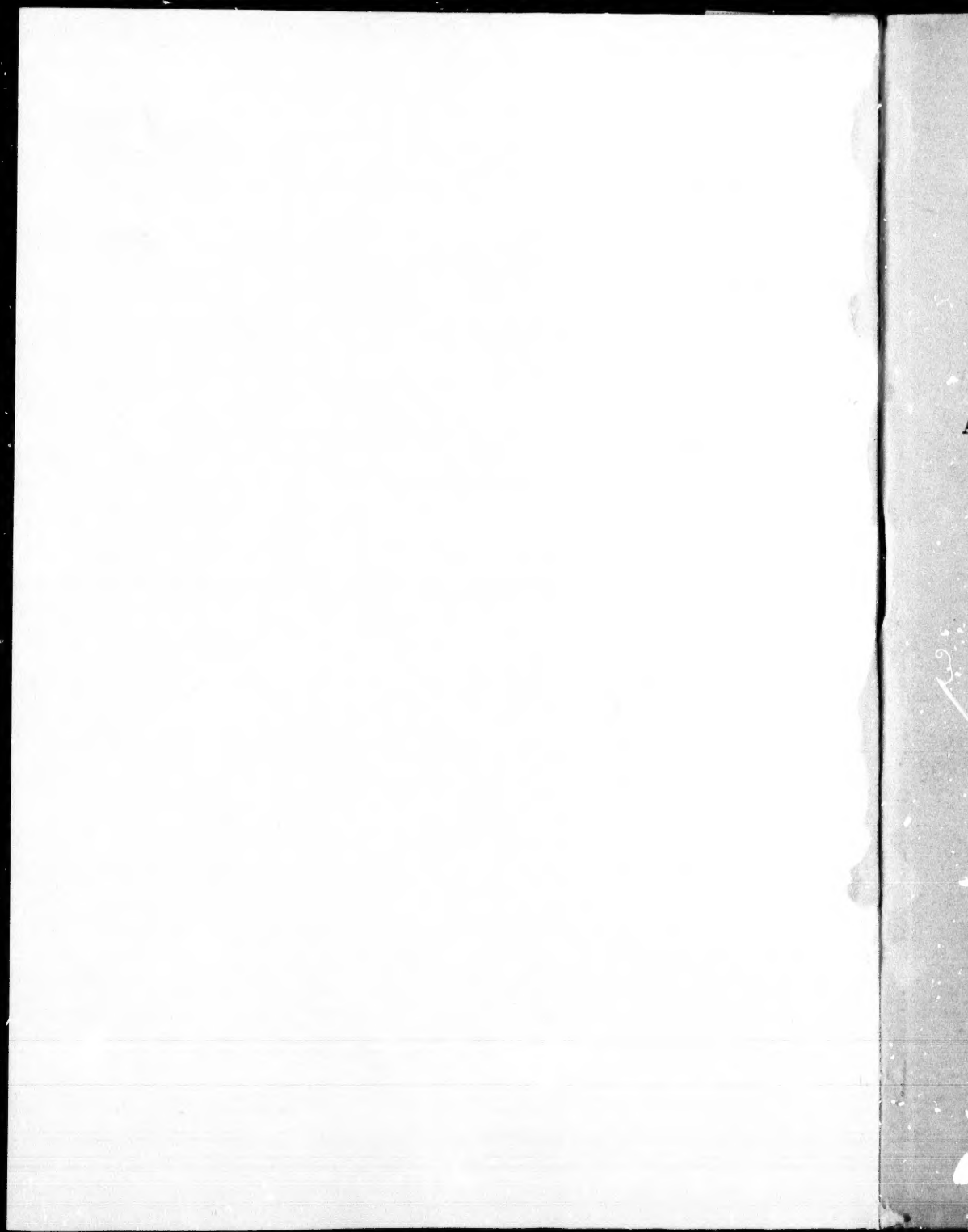




CANADA VS. NEBRASKA.

A refutation of attacks made on Canada by C. R. Shaller,
Commissioner of the Missouri Railroad Company, in the
"People's Journal," of Dundee, Scotland.

BY

DAVID GARDINER,

(A native of Perthshire, Scotland)

NOW OF CLARENCE, ONTARIO, CANADA.

OTTAWA:

PRINTED BY ROBERTSON, BOGER & COMPANY, "THE TIMES."

1878.

BIBLIOTHEQUE

— DE —

M. L'ABBÉ VERREAU

No.

Classe

Division

Série

FC42

G37

CANADA VS. NEBRASKA.

A friend near Lochie, Scotland, lately sent me a clipping from the "People's Journal," Dundee, with the above heading, signed "C. R. Shaller, Commissioner for the Missouri Railroad Company."

I read the epistle of that gentleman without surprise, as he appears only to be another specimen of the *persuasive* type. Now, I am a native of Perthshire, and passed my boyhood, and some part of my manhood, at Bonny Dundee and its neighbourhood, especially *Dighty Water* and *Blairgowrie*. Those dear old places are still as familiar to my memory as many of the "woods and wilds" of the beloved Canada where now I dwell, and I hope "Where bloom my native valley's bowers" I still have many a dear old friend.

I left Dundee on the 19th June, 1855, with my wife and three children, and shipped at Liverpool on the 20th for New York. I lived in the United States for two years and three months, and, in course of that time, through reading, observation and experience, became somewhat acquainted with "Things as they are in America." I have now lived over fifteen years in Canada, and would like to say a few words in reply to C. R. Shaller, in behalf of the Dominion of Canada, the noblest colony of England, and I trust what I say may be believed by many old and valued friends.

I have no personal dislike to the people of the United States; they are in many respects a noble people, and their country, on the whole, is magnificent. I am sure that I speak the sentiment of every Canadian of sense, when I say that we wish to live on no other terms with our neighbor across the "line," except those of peace and generous rivalry. But I must say what I believe to be true, that Canada, as a field for British Emigrants, is as far, when health and happiness are concerned, above the United States, as the carse o' gowrie is above the "dismal swamp" of Virginia, or the deadly jungles of India.

C. R. Shaller tells us what is very true, that the "beautiful prairies" of Nebraska require no clearing, but are ready for the plough. Allowing every other statement he makes to be true, this in itself should be enough to keep every emigrant of sense from that country, and why? First, because among the prime requisites of a new settler, is a house to live in. Now, a frame house, one story high, 18 x 24 feet inside, would cost at least (in Nebraska) one thousand dollars, or about two hundred pounds of English money. Poor Emigrants have not this sum to lay out on a house or anything else, therefore they have to do as one half the settlers in Nebraska have done—build a *hut* of prairie sod or mud, and in courtesy call it a *cabin*.

Next, an Emigrant requires something to eat—that suggests money. An Emigrant who takes up land there, with, say a wife and four children, would require a purse of three hundred dollars to keep him in provisions for five months, or until he could raise his first crop for himself.

Next, food requires to be cooked, that implies *fuel*. Where or how is it to be found? Perhaps coal might be bought at the nearest Railway Depot, 20 or 30 miles away, at \$20 or \$30 a ton. A neighbour has to be hired 'if you are

fortunate enough to find one) to cart that coal to your dwelling, at, say twenty or thirty dollars more.

Seed is another item that will cost a little. Next, a plough, that will cost at least forty or sixty dollars, and a poor one at that.

Next, four horses or mules, or eight oxen, to draw the plough; for remember, two horses cannot break up the "beautiful prairie" sod as they could break up a piece of new land in Scotland. These will cost another one thousand dollars, at the least. One advantage the Emigrant has in Nebraska over Canada is, there is plenty of pasturage for his horses. He may work them all day and let them loose at night, to find their supper where they may, and he will have the pleasure of walking perhaps twenty miles over the "beautiful prairie" next morning in search of them, and may thank his stars should he find them by the end of seed-time. No doubt our ingenious Yankee friend, C. R. Shaller, would suggest hobbling or tethering them. *Honest Hugback* might take the hint, and find his team, like the "poor mailie" of Robert Burns, making faces at him next morning, and only able to give a dying advice and their *blether*.

But let us now suppose the Emigrant has got over all his first difficulties and mishaps, for "where there is a will there is a way." Suppose that he has got in ten or twenty acres of a first crop—that it is growing finely, and has every appearance of yielding a bountiful return—that after his hard day's work he has laid himself down to sleep (cursing the flies and mosquitoes, of course), that he has slept well; that he rises next morning refreshed, and full of hope; that he leaves his little ones still in their innocent slumbers; that he "wanders forth to view the corn and snuff the caller air" of the "beautiful prairie" (or the deadly gases of the nearest swamp.) Behold his manly form, his steady step, his noble brow and glowing face, as he casts his eagle and far-seeing eye over the wide and

boundless dreary flat. He feels that he is free, a citizen of the "almighty nation;" he looks up to heaven and thanks his God that he has no other master, when, O horror! what a change comes o'er the spirit of his dream—there before his face what a sorry sight—a drove of somebody's horses, mules, cattle, and hungry looking pigs, devouring and trampling into the ground his all, his only hope, his crops—all gone at one fell swoop! This is no overdrawn picture, but an o'er true tale.

But let us suppose again that our Emigrant has means and pluck enough to withstand such a calamity, and what is his next resolve? He has thrown his life upon a cast, and is determined "never to say die." Fence his farm? Yes! that's it—that will cure the evil, that will keep out his neighbor's stock, and keep at home his own. What are his best materials? Deal boards—(there are no stones on the "beautiful prairies"). Where are the boards to be found? On the road from Canada, or still growing there. What will they cost? Seventy, or perhaps a hundred dollars, per thousand feet (such as we buy in Canada for six or eight dollars.) I ask Mr. Shaller how much it will cost to fence a farm of 160 acres, in Nebraska, at that rate? He will squirt his quid, and tell me "that is the Emigrant's own look out."

Next, where is the Emigrant to find materials of which to build barns, stables and sheds to protect his stock in winter? Mr. Shaller has told us that it is not cold in winter there—that it is two degrees south of Toronto, one of the most southerly cities in Canada—that the winters in Canada last from six to eight months, while the winters in Nebraska last only three months. Now here is a poser, here is a fearful contrast, but I, as a Canadian, find some consolation in it after all—C. R. Shaller tells a *fib*.

That the capital of Nebraska is two degrees south of Toronto I do not deny, but that the duration of winter in

Nebraska is only three months, is not true. Snow falls there about the middle of December, and covers the ground until the first of April, as a general rule, else the numerous reports of State papers and Agricultural Journals sadly belie that State.

Now, I don't say to any one, "Do not go to the States," for thousands of Emigrants do well there. Be sober, be industrious, be honest; keep away from strong drink, and if you are healthy, you may, in a few years, reach competence, or even riches. But I further say, keep away from the "beautiful prairies" as farmers, until you have riches. Of course Emigrants who are going to the devil any way, may as well go by way of Nebraska as any other road. I would say to all, read "Martin Chuzzlewit" and "Mark Tapley's adventures in the Far West" before you go; it will do you good.

Now, turn we to the Dominion of Canada. I will say nothing of Western Ontario, the Province of Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Manitoba or British Columbia. I will speak only of Central Canada, which is now as familiar to me as "Dyghtie's Braes," the top of the low hill, the Magdalen Green, Stanner Gate, or 106 Seagate.

But I must take my text from C. R. Shaller again. He says "Canada is a very heavily wooded country." Thank you, Mr. Shaller. No "birks and bare wa's" here, but plenty of Pine, Ash, Elm, Linden, Larch, Birch, Beech, Spruce and Maple, and many other kinds too numerous to mention, all at hand to be cut down and turned into houses, barns, stables, fences, ships, boats, carts, ploughs, harrows, tables, chairs, beds, or *cradles* for young Canadians. We have millions of feet of sawn lumber, and hundreds of rafts of square timber and round logs and masts to send to England, Scotland, West Indies, and even Australia, and above all, to our best customer, *Brother Jonathan*, across the line. Of such we will have plenty for hundreds of years to come. The exports of sawn lumber to the United States from the City of Ottawa

alone, in 1871, was 139,217,050 feet. In 1872 the quantity was 156,309,040 feet, while the shipments to Montreal and Quebec are estimated at thirty million feet. The estimates of square timber, logs, masts and spars I have not at hand, but they may be seen shortly by all who desire it.

And then there are the Gatineau, Blanche, Lievres, North and South Nation Rivers, all within a day's walk from where I live, sending their millions of sawn lumber and hundreds of rafts of square timber, logs, &c., to the same parts every season. Yes! Canada is a heavily wooded country indeed, and that is one of her greatest blessings, and one of her greatest sources of wealth.

C. R. Shaller thinks that because Canada is north of Nebraska, it must, therefore, of necessity be colder. Does he not know that forests have much to do with the regulation and modification of the temperature of the atmosphere, that they keep the air warmer in winter, and cooler and moister in summer, that they protect our fields from storms of wind in summer, and shelter our cattle and ourselves in winter? I have no hesitation in saying that our winters are five degrees warmer, and our summers five degrees cooler than in that "cracked up" place, Nebraska. I have worked three months every winter for fifteen years in my own woods in Canada, with nothing on my back but a flannel shirt, and often all day with my sleeves tucked up to my shoulders, and that's what seldom can be done in winter, even in Scotland.

As to the length of our winters; as a general rule we can carry on field operations until the first snow falls, say about the 20th of November. The snow usually lies till the first or second week in April. By the end of the first week in May, summer comes bounding on in all her riches and luxuriant beauty.

Now, here are some of the advantages Canada offers to

Emigrants. You will be under your own flag, and under the protection of your own Queen, and never can be called or made to feel yourself a "*cust furriner*." Our political institutions are second to none in the world. Our schools are free and unsectarian, and education compulsory. We offer to every able bodied man 100 or 150 acres of land for nothing. It will be his own and his children's forever. Our Government offers to bring out Emigrants at a very small sum, by steamships from Liverpool, and after they land, send them on to their destination free of expense, and the Ontario Government pays a certain sum of money to every man after being three months in Canada. But intending Emigrants must apply to our agents for fuller particulars of the passage, &c.

As to wages, farm hands get from four to five shillings a day, with board. Servant girls get from four to eight dollars a month. Tradesmen get from two to three dollars per day, very often with board. Weavers can get whatever they ask. At one saw-mill, namely Rockland, the average wages of two hundred and fifty men the past summer was twenty dollars per month, with board and free lodgings, or a free house; and these houses are not like the houses of Nebraska—built of mud, but what might be thought fit for the middle class in Scotland.

We have Flour Mills, Woollen Mills, Carding and Fulling Mills, and Shingle Mills, within a short distance of where I live, and the greatest want is men. Our wives, daughters and grandmothers in the country parts do our spinning.

C. R. Shaller tries to frighten Emigrants about our stumps, and says we cannot use machinery in putting in our crops. The fact is we do use machinery in putting in our crops, and in taking them off too. As to the stumps, we do not trouble ourselves about them. Our plan is to seed down our new land with our first crop of grain, and keep it in hay a year or two, and a few years more in pasture. Then we may

kick over the most of the stumps with our foot, or watch a dry spell, apply the match, and they are gone in half an hour.

Mr. Shaller says it is impossible to obtain a thoroughly cleared farm in a life-time. There is nothing impossible about the matter. I have cleared over eighty acres in fifteen years, with only the help of my family, and I have 185 acres remaining, which is in itself a mine of wealth; every acre is worth to me seventy dollars. An average tree, 60 or 70 feet high and eighteen inches across the stump, may be cut down, made into marketable shape, drawn to the nearest shipping port by one man in a single day, where it can, at any time, be sold for three or four dollars cash. Last winter I earned, with the help of one of my sons, a young lad, over three hundred and fifty dollars, and Canada offers every opportunity to thousands of men able and willing to work, to come and do likewise.

As to having to plough among the stumps for years, we "poor simple Canadians" are very thankful we have not to plough among *revolvers and bowie-knives*. Look at this picture. The Counties of Prescott and Russell, with a population of 36,000, have only one gaol. It was built about twelve years ago. I am informed by the warden, in answer to enquiries, that "the jail has been empty over six months every year since it was built. Last year, 1872, it has been over nine months empty. We got no Government money this year on account of criminal justice, as we had no criminals, only small offences, and the County pays that."

Now look at this: Lynch law, mob law, gambling, divorce, murder, bowie-knives, revolvers, and free love, often the order of the day in the Western States. If C. R. Shaller has any better account to give of *Young America*, for the honour of humanity he had better "out with it."

But what is all this talk about stumps for? Yankees

must be either on the *stump*, around the *stump*, or gassing about *stumps* for ever. The fact is, we do not require to plough our new land at all. After the timber has been all cleared away, and the fire has run over the land, burning away all the brush and chips, we have only to put two sticks together in the form of an A, drive into that fifteen iron tyne, one inch and a half square, and ten inches long, and we have a harrow which does the work completely. Hitch one or two horses to the harrow, and pass over the land once; then sow the seed, pass over the land twice or three times more, and leave the rest to God. That's how we do. By the end of thirteen or fourteen weeks we gather in—wheat, from 15 to 35 bushels per acre (of 70 yards square); oats, from 30 to 70 bush.; peas, 25 to 40; barley, 20 to 35; buckwheat, 30 to 40; potatoes, 150 to 400; turnips, 200 to 350; Indian corn, 30 to 70 bushels.

According to the Patent Office returns of the United States, some parts of Illinois, Kansas and Nebraska yield from 8 to 12 bushels of Indian corn to the acre, and Nebraska has to use her corn and *dried cow-dung* for fuel; so if there is little to *eat* in her cheerful *mud* kitchens there is plenty to *smell*. The population of Nebraska in 1867 was 500 souls, and the half of them savages.

C. R. Shaller says none but an idiot would say that Nebraska is colder than Canada. This is sad stuff for poor Shaller. An idiot neither cares nor knows anything about the matter. Did the Missouri Railway Company send him all the way to Scotland to write nonsense?

In what I have already written, I have endeavoured to show that it is almost impossible for a poor Emigrant to begin farming in Nebraska with any chance of success. Here I did intend to drop the subject, but since writing the foregoing have received letters from friends, one of them from Australia, stating that they had read letters in the "People's

Journal," saying that the winters in Canada were nine months long, and very severe, and advising people to go to Nebraska, where the winters are only three months long.

Now, I believe that Canada has nothing to fear and everything to gain from a fair, free and open discussion of this matter. I desire, therefore, to discuss more fully the relative merits of the two countries, Canada and Nebraska, as fields for settlement by the poorer class of British labourers.

C. R. Shaller has impeached, by imputation, the truth of every Emigrant who has sent home letters to his friends in Great Britain, favourable to this country; and, therefore, it is the duty of every one of us to repel those aspersions to the best of our ability, for in doing so we defend our word and our honour.

Let us then enquire where Nebraska really is, and what are its claims to so much recommendation. I shall quote from the "Statistical Gazetteer of the United States, by R. S. Fisher, M.D.," published by J. H. Catton, New York, 1859. It says: "Nebraska occupies all the country below the parallel of 43° north latitude, to the north boundaries of the Indian Territory, the State of Texas and the Territory of New Mexico, and extending east and west between the Rocky Mountains, bordering Oregon and Utah Territories, and the Western line of the States of Iowa and Missouri. The area of this immense region is estimated at 136,700 square miles. The whole of the country is yet in its primeval wilderness state. The red man still roams over its prairies in quest of game and plunder; and as the ocean to the sea-farer, so is its wilderness to the *Emigrant*. It is only traversed as the highway to countries beyond its limits. The central portions are unhospitable, *irrec aimable wildernesses*, with scarcely an oasis to relieve the monotony of its dreariness. It is the *Great American Desert*. in crossing which the way-farer has more to fear than the mariner that dares the

"deep—not only on account of the inhospitable character of the country, but also from the hostilities of the native savages, besetting his path and seeking his destruction. Thousands have perished under the rifle and tomahawk, and at every step the grave of some unfortunate gives warning of dangers to be avoided, or tells of the sufferings endured by the hardy men whose tracks are the tide-marks of Empire flowing to its western destination. The day, however, is not far distant when the Indian will be driven back, and the portions of the country on its eastern border will be opened to the enterprising pioneer."

C. R. Shaller tells his readers that "the capital" of this desert lies in 41° north latitude, two degrees south of Toronto, and, therefore, concludes that Canada has from three to five months longer winter than Nebraska, as if the duration of winter and summer depended altogether on latitude. Let any one look at the map of the world, and he will see that Scotland lies between 50° and 60° north latitude, and yet every Scotchman knows that the winters there seldom last over three months. Will Mr. Shaller explain to us the why and the wherefore of this? Or will he tell us why the difference of three degrees between two cities on the same continent can cause a difference of five months in the duration of their respective winters. But we have seen that the state of Nebraska extends as far north as 43° , or parallel with Toronto; therefore, it clearly follows if Toronto has eight months of a winter, so must a very large portion of Nebraska have the same. Again, if latitude only has to do with the duration of the seasons, the winters in the Ottawa District must be five months longer than those of Toronto, for the City of Ottawa lies in 45° north latitude. Thus, according to the Shaller philosophy of every two degrees north causing five months longer winter, the Ottawa region has ten months longer winter than Nebraska, or thirteen months of a winter altogether! And alas for poor Scotland, away up in her 55° . Oh that she would gird up her loins and flee into Nebraska "where wild for *scotps* the noble savage runs," while she sits

moping in her for ever half frozen regions—utter darkness and ice—where even C. R. Shaller himself, were it not for the light of *his own gas*, could not see to write.

C. R. Shaller, the Missouri Railroad Company must be ashamed of you. If Barnum could only get you in hand, he would soon be enabled to rebuild his museum. You would be a much greater wonder than Tom Thumb or the woolly horse. You must be a disciple of that immortal Yankee engine-driver, who discovered the very practical philosophy of "shutting his eyes, opening his mouth, putting on the "steam and going ahead, in the full assurance of coming up some whar."

But, Mr. Shaller presumes too much on the ignorance of his readers. He either writes of what he knows nothing, or he writes what he knows to be a downright falsehood, in order to mislead the ignorant and unthinking. But it seems easy to prove that the winter in Canada is not so severe as in Nebraska, or in many parts of the United States.

Mr. W. Frank Lynn, a gentleman who stands high in the estimation of the Press, in his letter of 14th February, from Manitoba to the Toronto "Globe" says: "The winters in Manitoba will compare favourably with the winters of the more southern plains of Kansas and Nebraska"—that "the mildness of the weather some days in those parts only make the *intense cold* which follows more destructive and mischievous."

It is well known to all readers of newspapers on this continent, that great thaws, or freshets as they are called, are quite common in winter over the middle and western states; that when such take place on the prairies and extensive level plains, the snow is suddenly melted, and hundreds of miles of country become flooded with slush and water, putting an end to all traffic and causing much destruction. Should a

severe frost set in, accompanied by a north west wind from the Rocky Mountains, sweeping over the desert of Nebraska, across her unsheltered prairies, and on to the level plains of those latitudes, people are frozen to death in their beds, horses and cattle are frozen to death, the wheat is uprooted or winter-killed, and universal pain and destruction is the result. Such incidents occurred throughout extensive regions of the United States in December last. Here is what their own papers says: "The cold which culminated at Chicago on the 25th December, carried the mercury to 23° below zero. In 1832 it reached 35°. Through the west and north west the cold was generally *intense*. Spirit thermometers in some portions of New Hampshire are said to have indicated 50° below zero. At Janesville, Wis. 39° below was indicated. At Clinton, Iowa, 26°. In the Michigan lake shore region the weather was unprecedented. At St. Joseph, directly in the fruit belt 20° below zero was indicated, and at South Bend, Ind. 25°, at Tennessee 7° below; and at Toledo, 15°; at Detroit 14°; at St. Paul, 30°, and at Madison, Wis. 25° below zero."

Dr. Dod, one of the first veterinary surgeons of the United States says that to drive a horse in such weather, against a gale, without protection over his breast, will cause inflammation of the lungs, often resulting in death.

The mercury falls as low as above recorded in Canada, but the cold is by no means so destructive, and the reason is evidently because Canada is protected by her extensive forests. Every farm is protected by 20 or 50 or perhaps 100 acres of forest. Judging from my own experience, I believe that between the temperature of the air of a forest and that of a plain, lake or river, where a wind is blowing, there is a difference of 10 to 20 degrees. The much warmer air of our forests is carried over and mixed with the colder air of our fields; and modifies our extremes, thus saving us many of the inconveniences experienced by the people of the United States.

Such a thing as our snow going away in the middle of Winter, is *unknown*. Such a thing as an animal or a human being having been frozen to death is unheard of, except through intemperance. Such a thing as a Canadian employed in the woods, getting feet, hands or face frozen, or being driven home from his work by cold, or stress of weather, is of rare occurrence. But we do hear of men freezing in Great Britain and France some times. Our snow is a great blessing, and our frost of great advantage. They give us roads as hard as stone. They enable us to go into our woods, through swamps, over logs and fallen timber and uneven ground, hauling heavy loads of timber of all shapes and sizes, where without those agents, the thing would be impossible except at great expense.

The snow shelters our wheat and grass fields, and fertilizes, warms, and gives protection to the roots of fruit trees and tender plants.

C. R. Shaller says Canadians are always leaving this country and going to the States. Perhaps so: but the most of those who go there, soon return or die there. A great exodus took place some years ago, from the County of Russell to the State of Michigan. It was the land of promise—the eldorados of timber and fortune making. Many of my near neighbors went there. My own relatives went there, some of them only to die. Some of my relatives went from Canada to Kansas and Nebraska to farm, and got stuck there, and are now working in the towns of Kansas and Leavenworth for a miserable wage, and would quickly return to Canada if they had only the means.

Read the following extracts from the "Weekly Globe" of Feby. 21st last. "The report of the Commissioner of Agriculture, Public Works and Immigration, is published and come to hand for 1872. It is there calculated that in one way and another, 34,000 persons made Ontario their home during 1872. 115,000 acres of land were located under the Free Grant Act,

and the numbers of settlers on these amounted to 875 exclusive of children under 18 years of age. It is a noticeable fact that over 2 000 *American citizens reported themselves to the Emigrant Agents as having removed permanently to Ontario.*

As to the healthfulness of our climate I must say, and I believe every Scotchman in Ontario will be ready to endorse the statement, that it is far more healthy than Scotland.

Our water is good and plentiful; our land abounds with rivers, creeks, streams and springs of the purest water. Many who live on the banks of the streams, never dig wells; but use river water, summer and winter. Spring water may be had almost anywhere, by digging a few feet.

I came here fifteen years ago, broken down in health, and almost crushed in spirits; but a little while in *Ontario* and I was myself again. I have worked labouriously and am now past the middle of life and still

“My heart is strong as bended bow—

My feet like arrow free.”

Talk of cold—what Scotchman is afraid of cold? Our heat is more trouble than our cold. I wonder Mr. Shaller has nothing to say about the heat of our summers. Those who are afraid of cold, should not come to either Canada or Nebraska, but stay at home and work in the factories where they may be comfortable. Our children would wonder at such, and think them sick, for this is the land of brain and muscle,—“Fair women and brave men.”

But let us take into consideration the proposition: Is it possible for a British Emigrant of health and vigor, landing upon our shores without a shilling in his pocket, to begin farming on our free grant lands, with a reasonable prospect of success?

I think it is possible. It is highly practicable and I shall endeavour to show how it may be done, and in doing so I shall desire the emigrant to do nothing but what others have done

and are doing, nor to act in any other way than I have acted myself.

When an emigrant lands upon our shores desiring to settle on a free grant, I would say, go straight to our emigrant agent, and tell him who you are and where you wish to go. He will at once furnish you with all the credentials required, and send you on to your destination by the safest and surest route. There you will find another agent who will give you instructions and introduce you to your future neighbours, in whose care you may well risk you wife and children, leaving you free to lay the foundations of your new home.

You will find plenty of neighbours with experience enough, ready to accompany you into the bush to select a suitable lot of land, a site for your shanty. That being done, neighbours will turn out by the score, and clear away the timber from the spot you have chosen, put up the walls of your shanty, make and put on the roof in a single day. Now you have a beginning. Nothing is so difficult as a beginning. That's the way I began, and thousands more. On the following morning one or two neighbours will assist you to select a suitable cedar tree. Cut it down, cut it into logs of twelve feet, split them up into slabs—trim them with the axe, and lay them down as a floor for your shanty. Next split pieces of wood of any kind into all sizes, and place them firmly between the logs of the walls of your shanty, so as to fill up the openings. There will probably be plenty of lime in your locality—get a bushel or two, make mortar and plaster your walls inside and out. Now whitewash your walls.

Next cut down another tree—there are plenty—cut off a log six feet long, split into thin splabs; trim them well with the axe; put them together with nails—you will have no nails? Very well use small wooden pins of elm, ash or oak, and so on with the door. Next take your axe and your knife and make three or four window sashes—fix them into their places, and

putty in the glass. You will have no glass? Very well, there is a store not far away. Go there for all the glass. Never mind the money. Go and ask for the glass and you will get it. Now then, how looks the shanty. It looks pretty well I think, much better than a mud hut any away, and what is more it is your own. Next morning go to the nearest neighbor who is blessed with a yoke of oxen. Request him to go with you to the store with his ox-cart for a load of goods. You have no money to hire the man and ox team? Never mind money now. Request the service and you'll get it, and away for your load.

You will find the distributor of wealth a gentleman. He has been expecting you, and almost all you require is ready to lift. One cooking stove, one grindstone, one cross-cut saw, one hand saw, two or three axes, one set of augurs, one barrel of flour, one barrel of oatmeal, one barrel of corn meal, half barrel pork, one gallon molasses, sugar, tea, butter, cheese, fish, soap, and every other little thing a house needs—tubs, pails, crockery, &c., &c. You have told the storekeeper you can't pay for all this just now, and his answer is: "Oh, I know that very well—that will be all right by-and-by." He will tell you likewise that he has just received large orders for cord-wood, shingles and potash, and that he will gladly take any of these articles instead of cash, in payment for your purchases. So away you go with your load, get up your cooking stove; your wife will be there, and, likely enough, all the dames and lasses for miles around. So you may prepare a big feast. You will find your neighbours have not come empty handed. They have all brought something to eat, or to be afterwards useful, such as chairs, boxes, stools, pans, pots, kettles, &c., &c. By the time supper is over the young men begin to drop in by the dozen, and what a house full you have. You soon begin to feel that your house is too small by half, for outside and inside, the sunny side and the shady side of your career, and prospects will be broadly discussed. You will hear the queerest and wildest stories, innocent jests, keen wit, sharp and sparkling retorts, but seldom an oath or

improper expression, but all in fun and good nature, sweetest songs and gayest laughter, and thus the evening passes quickly away. By and by all depart, wishing you joy and much prosperity, and the last word you will hear from one and all is "Whenever you want any help, let me know."

And now your life in the bush has fairly commenced, and you lie down for the first time with your family in your own forest home. You arise early for you are anxious to commence work. We will suppose it is the first of October, the most pleasant month in the year for work in the woods. You will scarcely feel alone, for the ring of the woodman's axe is heard in all directions for miles away. The lumberer has been over your lot before, or may be on it along with you, cutting down all the pines suitable for logs or square timber. You will be glad to see them taken away, for he is leaving more than enough for any useful purpose of yours. The sun is serenely bright; the sky is serenely blue. The forest has put on its most gorgeous and splendid robes. Every tree is rich in all the tints of the rainbow. Peaceful and blessed tranquillity pervades all nature. It is our Indian summer, a season of our land which must be seen and felt to be appreciated, but can never be justly described.

The tools required for shingle making are an axe and a cross cut saw, a froe, and a draw-knife. Any of your neighbours will show you how to begin work. After having learned to turn out a good article, you will find yourself earning two dollars or about eight shillings sterling per day. By the end of the year, should you work with a will, you will have paid your debts and have a surplus in hand sufficient to supply all your wants for the remainder of the winter.

Now that you begin to feel pretty rich, and find that you can swing the axe almost to perfection, we must introduce you to a very different kind of employment. While you have been engaged with your shingles, your young folks have like-

wise been busy. They have been cutting and piling up neatly all the underbrush, where you intend to make your first clearing. So now down with the forest. "Woodman spare that tree" is not for you, so down with the trees; cut them into lengths of twelve or fifteen feet, clearing away the branches and piling them in heaps. But stop; allow me to give you a lesson in chopping, you must cut higher up; you cut to low. Here is a stump cut without any skill; the edge of your cut slopes towards the ground on both sides. Every drop of rain that falls on that stump will run off into the ground. Should you cut them all like that you will only fulfil the words of that great and most *original thinker*, and aspiring prophet, C. R. Shaller, when he says; "It is impossible in a life-time to have a thoroughly cleared farm." Cut high enough to make it convenient to throw the axe flat into the tree, and before the end of the five years, every hardwood stump will have crumbled.

By the middle of March, the beginning of the sugar-making season, you have been able to cut down eight or ten acres of the great forest. Now then, start your wife and children at sugar-making, a job they will like. All you have to do is to provide a kettle, make troughs to catch the sap, tap the trees, and away to your chopping again. But the first of April arrives; the snow has gone and you find it too hot for chopping hard, so by way of variety, you may try your hand at another kind of work, that will bring in an immediate return of cash, which of course you will prefer to running in debt again. You have seen that there are some acres of first rate limestone lying on the outskirts of your farm. Your neighbour, the store-keeper has orders for thousands of bushels of lime, which he must ship to several towns and villages by the first steamer of the season. He offers ten cents per bushel, which you will find a good paying price. So start to work. Your neighbour with the oxen is not doing much; get him for a few days to help you. Put together some large log-heaps--making them wide and flat at the top. Build two ox-cart loads of stone on each heap, and set fire to the wood. By the time

your log-heap is burned, your limestone will be turned into lime.

You may keep at the job till the first of May. You will be making money and clearing your land at the same time. Or you may try your hand at burning charcoal, for which there is a constant demand and a good price.

Meantime your wife and children have made a large quantity of sugar, enough to serve the family a year, and a hundreds pounds for sale, which is readily disposed of at three pence per pound. They may now make some barrels of vinegar. It costs little trouble. Tap the trees; gather the sap, and the sun will accomplish the rest.

You will see that there are many ways of making money in the bush. You would do well to purchase some hives of Bees. If you study their habits and take proper care of them, twenty hives would give you about a ton of honey in a season.

We will now suppose it to be the first or second week in May. The farmers are well busy in sowing or preparing their ground for seed. The weather has been fine and your bush heaps are all dry, and the old leaves rattling beneath your feet. Choose a favourable day and set fire to your chopping. The fire does its work thoroughly—not a leaf or chip is left—only a few branches here and there, and the logs are charred and black. Now you will set about logging. Go and try to hire your neighbour with his oxen. He flatly refuses to—says he is too busy with his own work. You offer him any money, but no, it is no use; money is no object to him just now. He says he wants men himself and cannot get them to hire. He will assist you, however, on one condition—he will help you to-day, and you must help him to-morrow. You strike the bargain at once, and not only with him; you must make the same bargain with others, and so your work gets accomplished. Your logs have been all drawn together and

piled into large heaps. When you set fire to them you must keep at them, night and day, stirring them up, and keeping the logs together, until all are burned.

You will find that every log heap has left you from 8 to 10 bushels of ashes. Gather these carefully and place them under cover. You will find when you have time to attend to it, that every 80 bushels can be manufactured into an article that can bring you \$25, or \$30.

And now your ground is ready for the seed and you prepare to sow it. No ploughing yet, remember. But here you are met by a difficulty. You cannot hire a team, for every one is so busy; so you have to buy a yoke of oxen. A yoke of young oxen will cost about one hundred dollars.

You may perhaps arrange to pay part down and the balance in three or four months. You have as yet no pasture ground, but some one will serve you with pasturage for two or three dollars a month.

So now put in your seed—wheat, oats, barley, buckwheat, flax and turnips. Plant your potatoes, corn and beans with the hoe. That being done, turn your attention to your ashes and set about potash making. You have to purchase kettles for the purpose. It may be a slack time now with some of your neighbours, and they are “resting on their oars” until hay-harvest. Some one of them will show you how to begin, and before long you will have all your ashes turned into pot ash, and find yourself a richer man than ever before.

You have had no time yet to put up a barn, so this season you will have to stack your grain at first; but you may find time to erect your barn and have all your grain stored in it before winter sets in.

There is a universal demand for cord-wood (that is wood

for fuel, sold by the cord) on railroads, steamboats, factories, towns and villages throughout the country.

So, perhaps, during the incoming winter you may cut your timber into cordwood and draw it to the nearest shipping post. You may clear two or three hundred dollars by the operation, unless you think better to reserve the wood for ashes.

Now my friend, I have, in imagination, brought you, step by step, thus far. You have begun your life in the woods of Canada as thousands have done before you, and as millions will do after you. You are in possession of what will soon be a first rate farm. You live in a comfortable shanty, which will last until you are able to put up a more comfortable dwelling. You still live under the protection of "the flag that has braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze." Your property is secure, and your life is held sacred. You may worship your God according to your conscience, in safety and peace. Your children will receive a free education. They and yourself may aspire to any office of emolument and honour your country may bestow, and the limit of your freedom is the rights of others. When you write to your friends in the old country you will be able to tell them, as I have told mine, that Canada is a land flowing with milk and honey, and all we want is tens of thousands of men, women and children to come and help us to eat and drink. Canada is no foreign country to you. It is the Englishman's, the Irishman's and Scotchman's country, the inheritance of their children. It is our Queen's country and therefore it is ours.

Our mineral resources are great; our water communications are unequalled, and there is a great prosperity in future for our country, such as her sanguine sons cannot imagine, and our love and devotion towards her is greater than life itself. Rather than see her suffer shame and dishonour, there are but few amongst us that would not rush forward to die at

the cannon's mouth, if need be in her defence. Yet we seek not war,—we seek only to cultivate the arts and graces of peace, and to emulate the nations only in learning, science, courage and industry.

To old Scotland I still cherish fond affections. Her hills and glens and many dear old places are hallowed in my memory. I have many friends there and though I may now be to them as one long since dead, I still keep their names, images and voices sacred in my heart and affections. To them I would say: Be not *shattered* nor *shel'ed* away from your country, and your home, before you have positive knowledge of the place to which you are going.

And now a word in conclusion to Mr. Shaller. The aspersions you, Sir, have cast upon my country, I have met, one by one, fairly and squarely, and refuted them as they deserved. After reading what I have written, if you are not a better and more truthful man, you will be at least a wiser one. You will have learned that there are those in Canada, emigrants from Dundee, who will not allow you to belittle and belie their country with impunity. You may now return to your own country, chewing the quid of repentance, confronted, confuted and utterly confounded.

In Dundee your word will no longer be trusted. You will only be jibed and laughed at, till even "weans haud out their fingers laughing, and poak your hips."

DAVID GARDINER.

Clarence Ontario, March 1873.